

Soft Prongs

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Soft Prongs

by [flirtingwithfiction](#)

Summary

James needs someone with uber long black hair to film this ASMR video. It couldn't be a girl. They need to have their top off and even though James is bisexual and prefers men or masculine presenting humans, girls are still weird as fuck about that shit. He'd ask Sirius but Sirius literally just cut all of his hair off for soccer season. James gets it, it's always still blazing in September when practices start.

Which doesn't leave James with a lot of options. Well, it probably could have, if James would stop to think for longer than fifty-seven seconds at a time.

But he doesn't.

So, this is how he ends up being glared at by this short fucking shrimp.

"You want me to what?" Snape asks with a disbelieving scowl.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

In the Beginning

James *needs* someone with uber long *black* hair to film this ASMR video. It can't be a girl. They need to have their top off and even though James is bisexual and prefers men or masculine presenting humans, girls are still weird as fuck about that shit. He'd ask Sirius but Sirius literally *just* cut all of his hair off for soccer season. James gets it, it's always still blazing in September when practices start.

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But he doesn't.

So, this is how he ends up being glared at by this short fucking shrimp.

"You want me to *what*?" Snape asks with a disbelieving scowl.

"You heard me. *Please* will you do it? I can't think of anyone else. I'll pay you! Or something. I don't-- do you *want* money? I mean, I'm not really sure what the going rate is for that but, like, I'm sure we could work something out. Especially if you agree to do more than one video. Do you have plans after school today? I can drive you home after, if you need me to," James babbles, scrolling through his phone to make sure he didn't have any activities scheduled for after school.

"Potter, listen to me when I say this," James looks up from his phone. "You are the biggest asshole I have literally ever met. Why on fucking Earth would I agree to do this?"

"Well, I mean, money? An I owe you? Blackmail? I don't know. *Please*, I promised to have the video up two weeks after they commissioned it and that's, like, tomorrow because I completely forgot. I mean, unless this is about you being uncomfortable with me because I'm bi. Which like, homophobia isn't cool so I'm not going to force myself to endure your presence if that's an issue."

Snape rolls his eyes and slams his locker shut, starts walking off but James follows after him. Seriously, James religiously posts on Wednesday's and if he doesn't get this video up after the guy had already fucking paid he was going to have to email the fuck head and that just was not on schedule for this evening.

"Potter, I'm fucking *queer*. Why would I have a problem with you being bi?"

"Oh! Sorry, surprisingly, or unsurprisingly?, there are *a lot* of bigots at this school."

Snape snorts.

"Anyway, really. It's just one long video and you don't even have to show your face, you just, you know, get to sit there while I pamper you. *Please* say yes. I'll buy you dinner and take you home after?"

Snape squints one eye near shut, the eyebrow above the other one quirks up, his nose crinkles, and his mouth twists up as if James is *so stupid* he couldn't be real. James isn't stupid but he and Snape did not have the best track record. They'd fought like cats and dogs from kindergarten until eighth grade. James had literally bitten Snape in kindergarten and had the scar from where Snape scratched the ever-living fuck out of his leg after. It was, like, the size of a needle now but *still*. It really only got wildly worse and better from there. They somehow ended up in the same class every year of elementary school and the teachers had made sure to sit them on *opposite* sides of the room

for many years. Once they got to fourth grade, that went to shit and they were forced to sit next to each other all year until middle school.

Middle school had been a weird time, they'd started having class changes with different students instead of lumped together with the same twenty students in the class. Even though it was *literally* the same fucking school. Private school didn't make any fucking sense. But Snape and James had seven classes in a day, four of which were *together*. One of them being physical education, which James will admit, was really just a very terrible move on administrations half. James is, always had been, athletic and when puberty hit aggression and broad shoulders coupled with growth spurts, raging hormones, and a brief period of wrestling with his own identity in the face of someone unashamedly *different*, Snape got his fucking ass handed to him every time he opened his skinny, short, scrawny fucking mouth in James's general direction. And going by how often it happened, Snape had never learned his lesson. By the time they were thirteen though, James had gotten bored with Snape and had started chasing skirts. And pants, really. He'd briefly dated Sirius in the eighth grade and that had been a bad decision all around. Even if he'd used Sirius to learn the foundations of giving really good head. Didn't matter. Snape.

Once in high school, and further separated by class choice and interests, they weren't around each other often enough to grate. This is probably the first time they've said more than six words to each other since they'd left the Wulfric Learning Academy and assimilated into the public school system of Hogwarts High School.

"Fuck off," Snape tells him with a roll of his eyes.

James moves and stands in front of Snape, leaning against a set of lockers to make himself look smaller and to get closer to Snape's natural eye level.

"Look, *please* , I'll do whatever you want--"

"Potter! Watch out!"

James straightens, realizes someone has full on thrown a fucking baseball in the hallway a split second before he reaches up, out, and catches what is apparently, an actual fucking *pitch* in his bare hand. The smack against his palm is not a pretty sound. He grimaces as he tosses the ball back and nods at Parkinson when he yells his thanks.

"Where were we? Oh, yeah. Look, I really need you to do this. I'll do whatever you want or pay you whatever you want. It doesn't matter. I just *really* need you to film this video with me, *please*?" James is pretty much whining at this point but his hand is starting to hurt by now and he really ought to go ice it. He hasn't punched anyone in *years* but he is tempted to go hit Parkinson for doing this to him *now*, when he needs to film himself using his fucking hands this god damned afternoon.

"How bad does that hurt?" Snape asks, eyeing his hand.

"Very terribly, if I'm honest. I'm just waiting for you to say yes so I can sneak into the cafeteria for some ice."

"And if I say no?" Snape asks, biting his lip now.

"We both know I'm not leaving you alone until you say yes."

Snape sighs and his shoulders hunch a bit.

"Yeah, I know. Alright, Potter, I'll do your stupid video. But come on, you don't have to go all the

way to the cafeteria for ice. There's some here in the chem lab."

James sighs in relief on all fronts.

"You're really just saving my life today."

Snape snorts.

-

James has binaural mics set up in a way that the scratching of Snape's scalp is picked up as if James is scratching the *listener*. The only downside is they also pick up whenever Snape swallows but it's barely there and James could maybe, doubtful but no one said he couldn't try, edit it out later.

Snape's hair is *stupid* soft. Like, that shit is *ridiculous*. And longer than it ever was when they were in elementary and middle. Which is saying something considering Snape's hair has been long since they were five. But now it cascades down until just above the small of his back in long, straight, black strands. James has to be really careful with the comb as he keeps nicking it on the orbital piercing Snape has in his ear and Snape glares at him and huffs every time it catches. It's a lot easier to avoid it when he starts running his fingers through it. James wants to braid it. He considers ending the video that way.

He decides to end the video that way.

Snape doesn't complain about the braid, he mostly just looks very sleepy. James doesn't blame him, he can't imagine spending near over an hour and a half having someone scratch at your scalp *without* getting sleepy. It's funny to see him like that, though, especially when he's been joking around with James periodically since they got to James's house. It's almost disappointing to realize Snape is fucking *funny*. Snape pulls his shirt back on and turns around in the chair to lean back in it while James opens up some editing software.

"James, dinner!" His mom calls from downstairs.

"Oh, shit, is it really dinner already? I'm so fucked for editing this shit. You hungry? I think my dad said he was making lasagna tonight. Otherwise, we can wait and I can take you out to get whatever you want after we leave here."

"Lasagna sounds fine. I haven't seen your parents in years. Unlike *you*, they're not awful."

James pauses and stares at Snape for a moment and glares. Snape smirks at him and James gestures for them to head down the stairs with a sweep of his arm, elbowing Snape when they try to squeeze through the doorway at the same time. It *could* be done, Snape's like five foot eight and *maybe* a hundred and twenty pounds, but James and Snape have never made anything easy for each other. Why start now?

"Hey guys, Snape's over."

"Hello, Mrs. Potter, Mr. Potter."

James's parents freeze and stare at them.

"So good to see you, Severus. How's your mother?" James's mom says at exactly the same time James's dad asks, "James, what did you do *now*?"

"Nothing! I haven't done anything! Snape was helping me with some ASMR stuff," James insists while walking to the fridge to grab a can of coke. He turns to Snape, "Do you still only drink water?"

Snape nods and James pulls a bottle for him.

"She's fine, Mrs. Potter. Busy. They're in the process of tearing down the old one and rebuilding a new event center downtown. It's more intensive and taking longer than was anticipated."

"Oh, that sounds so exciting, though. Well, sit, sit. We're glad to have you here."

Dinner goes significantly more smoothly than James would have ever thought possible. It's a far cry from the school mandated 'reconciliation events' they'd been forced to participate in as children in a desperate effort to get them to stop antagonizing each other. James's mom and Snape's mom are still friends over the whole thing, though. They go to what James calls 'Best Friends Brunch' every other week.

James's mom sends extra lasagna with Snape and then Snape is fiddling with the radio in the car while James drives him home. When Snape finds a station he seems to like, he instead fiddles with his watch or the rips in his knees. It's mostly silent but it doesn't feel weird. At least not to James.

James isn't always the best of judges for these things.

Snape lives less than ten minutes from the Potter's so it doesn't take long to get there at all. James pulls up to the little code box and looks to Snape.

"Seventy-two thirty," Snape tells him slowly, squinting in the dark, eyes flickering over the numbers and his fingers tapping against his thigh as if he doesn't remember the code so much as the position of his fingers when he puts it in.

Snape lives in one of those luxury townhomes inside of one of those semi-newly developed gated communities and James hadn't been there since they were twelve but remembers which one Snape's is fairly quickly.

"Hey, thanks for doing this. You never said what you wanted for it so we'll stick an I owe you on it for now. Just let me know, I guess. I'll send you a link when I post it so you can make sure I didn't stick your face in anywhere. Your number's not changed, has it?"

"No. Thanks for dinner and the ride," Snape tells him and then slides out of James's Range Rover and into his house.

James spends far too long editing the stupid fucking video. He has to cut so much shit because they kept cracking jokes. Three hours of footage condensed down to an hour and a half. The other half is set in a folder called /CUT/ and he uploads the video, set to publish the following afternoon.

ASMR HAIR CARE AND SCALP SCRATCHING -- BINAURAL MICS FOR SOUNDS YOU CAN FEEL -- Hair washing, combing, drying + scalp/nape of neck/upper back scratching (NO TALKING) | SoftProngs ASMR

James goes to bed.

And Then There Were Fans

Chapter Notes

This is really dialogue heavy. Apparently the bois rly wanna talk to each other and are making it hard for me to write the things around them. I'm choosing to imagine they're just that focused on themselves (and each other). I really appreciate all of the comments left on Chapter 1 and I hope Chapter 2 lives up to your hopes and dreams.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

540 new comments.

It is fucking *Monday*. The fact that the video is still getting this many fucking comments is driving him batty. Five days is usually enough time to have them slowing down.

cheekybaby commented:

omg u and ur bf r SO cute 😊

magicd1ck commented:

I wish someone would look at me the way Prongs looks at the dark haired person

g00dnyt3lyt commented:

stOooOOOoooOoOOoPppppPpp! I'm simping so HARD over your relationship 🐾
MORE videos with ur SO plz

67843528dreamdaddy commented:

Prongs rly said 'look at how much I luv him, I braid his pretty hair'

54animationnerdstudios commented:

Does anyone else think those hands/that watch look like Tumblr user evedraws? Is it

them? Are they dating Prongs?

HeatherMartiannnnn commented:

@*hunkbaby* why don't u look at me like this? 🐼

Yummyeatsyourmoney commented:

Aksjdhdaksjdhak SOFTprongs is such an accurate name for u n ur bf

>>Potter, what the fuck is wrong with your subscribers?

<<They think we're soft. They've clearly never taken one of your elbows to the gut.

>>I need a ride to school.

<<Be there in ten.

"So, why don't you drive?" James asks when Snape hops into the passenger side of his car.

"I don't want to."

"Do you even have a license?"

"Nope. I don't like to drive, Potter. It makes me feel weird."

"Oh. Christ, that's--I don't even know how to respond to that. How do you normally get to school then?"

Snape huffs a laugh before answering.

"Depends. Sometimes I'll skate there, it's not far. Sometimes friends will pick me up. Lily had a doctor's appointment that she forgot about this morning and it's raining."

"That's your redhead neighbor? The one with the squeaky voice and sharp nails?"

Snape nods. Lily had once found James and Snape fighting on the side of his house and pinched James's arm while she shrieked at him. James *still* finds it hilarious. At the time, Lily had been taller than *both* of them, now she's just a couple inches taller than Snape. James is pretty sure she plays softball for the school and is dating Derek Meadowes's twin sister, Dorcas. Lily hadn't gone to WLA with them so James doesn't know her as well as he knows everyone that had gone with

them.

"We've gotta pick Sirius, his brother, and Remus up, too. Si's mom took his car again."

Snape groans and buries his face in his hands. James laughs.

"He'll leave you alone, I promise. He'll probably be thrilled you're here so he can make out with Remus without me bitching about being ignored."

James picks Remus up first since he was farther out before doubling back to grab Sirius and Regulus.

"Oh, hey, Sev. I didn't know you were gonna be here, too," Regulus greets.

Snape nods and waves, face in a book.

Sirius and Remus immediately start kissing behind James and James rolls his eyes and focuses on getting them to school, listening to the music on shuffle from his phone.

"Did you finish your experiment for microbio?" Snape asks.

"Fuck, no. I somehow contaminated several of the petri dishes so now I have to go back and do the whole fucking thing over," Regulus answers.

"What are you trying to do?"

"Trying to enrich and isolate lactic acid bacteria."

James has no idea what that means.

Snape wrinkles his nose, " *why* ?"

"I thought it would be *easy* . But I isolated them and then contaminated them at some point after. What are you doing?"

"Using biochemical tests to identify bacteria."

James also has no idea what this means either. Regulus groans and James can see he's thrown his hands into his hair.

"Why didn't *I* think of that?"

"Because you're an idiot, clearly. It only *sounds* more complicated."

"Fuck you," Regulus pouts, throwing himself back in his seat and crossing his arms.

Snape laughs, "it's not *my* fault you can't use your brain."

"Is that why you've not been wearing your nail polish?"

"Mmm. No good in the lab, even with gloves. Plus Sasser hates that I wear it all. Constantly tells me it makes me look like a girl."

Regulus snickers, "As if that's an insult to you. Did Dean Hurmen ever talk to him about pulling on your septum ring?"

"I don't know. All the same, I'm keeping it flipped up until Gremm comes back."

"Can't wait. I hate Sasser so much. I still can't believe he wrote you up for wearing a fucking dress. Did Dean Hurmen throw it out or are you going to have your mom contest it?"

Snape has always worn dresses and no one has ever given him a hard time for it. Since at least kindergarten. He just liked them and that was enough for everyone in a kindergarten class to be okay with it. It threw James that someone would suddenly find fault with the way Snape dressed. Or that he paints his fingernails more often than not, something he's always done since probably before kindergarten as well. James grips the steering wheel a little tighter.

"Hurmen threw it out. Took one look at the length of my dress and said it wasn't even close to being a violation and tore it up. She did call my mom to tell her that one of the teachers at school is harassing me. She's pissed, of course. She's already filed a complaint against him with the county but I doubt it'll do anything."

"Jesus Christ. Sirius, if you elbow me one more fucking time, I'm elbowing *you* in the skull."

Regulus and Sirius bicker for a few moments before Regulus turns back to Snape and begins talking supreme science nerd shit and Sirius goes back to macking on Remus. James lets it all wash over him as he finishes the drive to school, parking and watching in amusement as Regulus, Sirius, and Remus practically jump out of the car and make their way to the school. Snape is putting his book away. James takes a sip of his coffee and looks at him. Snape is chewing on his bottom lip with his sharp as shit canines and it makes James's belly do funny flips, his eyes following the movements. James snaps himself out of it and looks to Snape's eyes. Snape looks vaguely amused, quirks up an eyebrow.

"Is Lily able to give you a ride home? I've got practice after school at three thirty. I can run you home if I need to but I'll need to change first so that I can just run onto the field after."

"I think so. I'll let you know."

And then Snape is jumping out of the car and stalking off, waylaid by someone with blue hair and a tattoo of a chemical compound on the back of their neck. James doesn't know which one. James sits in the car and finishes the cup of coffee he'd brought and listens to some music until he's going to be late if he stays in his car any longer. He is so fucking tired it's nearly painful.

The day doesn't really get much better from there but at least it doesn't get worse.

>>Lily can't take me home.

<<Meet me by the gym locker room after classes let out.

James changes into his soccer practice clothes and shin guards. He puts his regular sneakers on since driving in cleats is hell. He ties them together at the laces and throws them over his shoulder, pockets his keys, phone, and wallet and slams his gym locker shut. Coach Eshaway is right outside the door when James comes out.

"Potter, where are you going?"

"Need to take him home," James tells him, gesturing to Snape, "bout ten minutes away. I'll be back

by the time practice starts."

Eshaway narrows his eyes and points at James in the chest.

"If you don't come back, I'll have you running suicide drills every practice the rest of the week for leaving to fool around with your lil boyfriend. Got it?" Eshaway growls, jabbing his thumb in Snape's direction when he was referencing him.

James nods and elbows Snape when he sees Snape is smirking at him. When they get outside Snape casually says,

"Leave practice to fuck your *little boyfriend's* often, Potter?"

"Oh, fuck off. I haven't! It's just--" James feels a flush in his cheeks and shakes his head. "Eshaway just doesn't like when we have other things going on in our lives."

Snape's grin is like a Cheshire cats, his canines catching on his bottom lip but then he's pulling his phone from his pocket as they walk to the car.

"Have you looked at these comments recently?" Snape asks, waving his phone as if James wouldn't know what he's talking about without it.

James unlocks the car and they pile in it before James bothers answering.

"Not since this morning. I was up really late last night and I keep losing track of my thoughts."

"They're only getting worse," Snape says and then scoffs at something on his phone.

James turns the engine over, waiting until Snape is buckled in before heading out of the parking lot to respond to him,

"Sorry. If I'd have known you'd be getting borderline harassed, I wouldn't have asked. Nobody should have to put up with that. Or, well, I dunno, maybe I still would've asked. I find the whole thing rather funny, if I'm honest. The first video I do with another person and you're *automatically* my boyfriend. Insane but the comments I read this morning had me in stitches."

James grins, remembering some of the more bizarre ones he'd seen early that morning. Out of the corner of his eye, James catches sight of Snape's sharp canine digging into his lip hard enough to leave an imprint James could see when he starts talking.

"Asshole. But it's not anything I'm not used to, the rabid fanaticism. I do run an art account. And they did figure out it was me from my art videos, which has led to an influx of followers from parts of the internet I wasn't previously touching. Which is nice, I suppose. Though I keep getting requests for fandoms I'm not even *in* . And I've not even confirmed that it is me in your video."

James shudders. Snape's hand, with it's long, *long* fingers, enters James's line of sight, fiddling with the radio as James continues down the main road.

"I hate that shit. I get requests for the weirdest fucking role-plays, more than half asking for my commission prices. It's so awkward having to tell people that *no* , I'm not going to pretend to do something that's *clearly* meant to be a sex thing in a video because they think it'll help them fall asleep faster."

Snape laughs, "you'll just be getting full on porn requests now that they think I'm your boyfriend. Why haven't you told them I'm not?"

James turns off onto the road that turns into Snape's neighborhood. He taps the code into the little numeric pad and as the gate swings open scoffs and says,

"Are you kidding? This is the best thing that's ever come from my doing ASMR. The comments are *hysterical* . I keep thinking of ways I can edge around giving an actual answer should I be asked directly in an Instagram live Q&A or something."

"Okay, that's fair. Some of those comments are the funniest fucking things I've ever seen. I read some of them in my free time they're so ridiculous . I've seen some crazy arguments on the internet before but there's an entire Twitter thread on whether or not you're the top or bottom. It's completely unhinged, the arguments get more and more ridiculous. Someone argued you're a top because you wear glasses. As if you don't have 'bottom' practically tattooed on your forehead directly above said glasses."

James's jaw drops a bit, pulling into Snape's driveway, "excuse me?! How would *you* know whether or not I'm a bottom?"

He whips his head to look at Snape.

"We're boyfriend's, are we not?" Snape asks with a smirk, jumping from the car and disappearing into his house.

Chapter End Notes

u can follow me on tumblr for more snape love flirtingwithfiction.tumblr.com <3

Detention Leads to Sleepovers

Chapter Notes

I honestly don't know what this is, I just had way too much fun.

James is chugging water and grabbing his backpack and gym bag from his locker, changing out of his cleats. He sits in his car going through his phone, waiting for Snape, who is in detention. Snape is the only kind of person that manages to get detentions on fucking Fridays. James decides to finally look at Snape's art Instagram, it's been three weeks since they posted the video and he still hasn't gone to look.

[HeroicHela commented on evedraws photo:

I bet u give him lousy head. He'd be so much happier with someone who can actually
please him.]

[Screenshot sent]

<<SNAPE WTF IS THIS?? You didn't tell me they were sending shit like this wtf

>>Imao that's one of the better ones, look at this one [photo attached]

[FreakyForASMR6187 commented on evedraws photo:

You don't deserve Prongs. He's SOFT and you're NOT. I bet you listen to death metal
while he plays piano and ignore him when he tries to kiss you.]

>>I don't listen to death metal but I'm definitely not listening to you play piano and I ignore you
every time you try to kiss me

<<I've never actually tried to kiss you

>>How would I know that?? I've been ignoring you when you try

>>Idiot

James rolls his eyes. He can't believe the internet is still freaking out about this, maybe it's because Snape hasn't been in another video since he'd posted the first one and they haven't addressed the boyfriend thing publicly. But it's only been three weeks and some change since the first video. It makes him hesitant to post the bloopers video he'd promised, a six month compilation of his

favorite fuck ups, some of which include the funniest jokes he and Snape had cracked while filming. He decides he's going to wait a couple more weeks before posting it.

<<Wait, are you still in detention?

>>Yes

<<Are you almost done? I'm starving.

Snape doesn't reply but not even ten minutes later he jumps up into the passenger seat.

"Finally, *fuck* . What did you even get detention for?"

Snape purses his lips and says, "you smell like sweat and grass. And I got detention for PDA."

James gasps dramatically, throws a hand out to the front of Snape's shirt and grabs a fistful, pulling him half over the center console.

"You're *cheating* on me?!" James cries, full pouty bottom lip emerging when he's done.

Snape is clearly trying not to laugh, his sharp canines are digging into his bottom lip with how wide his grin is, the tip of his tongue between the molars just next to one of them.

"Sorry. It was just a hug," Snape's voice is forty different levels of amused.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason gave it then?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, you're forgiven," James smacks a kiss to his bottom lip and lets go of him. "I'm still starving. Let's go get food."

Snape's rolling his eyes at his theatrics and buckling his seatbelt.

"You need a shower, Potter. You smell."

"Fine, but will you go ahead and call in a pizza so it'll be at the house by the time I'm done?"

Snape orders a pizza and they're sitting at the kitchen island counter eating when James broaches the subject.

"Will you film another video? I think the one with you might be my most viewed video of all time now."

"Sure," Snape shrugs.

After they finish eating, James goes about setting everything up. He's double checking the feed to make sure Snape's face isn't visible from the angle he's chosen when Snape's phone rings.

"Hey mom."

James watches as Snape starts fiddling with his ear, rotating the circular piercing of his conch orbital piercing.

"Yeah-- oh. Okay.

"Yeah, I'll make sure to lock up when I get home.

"Yeah, okay.

"No, I'm at Potter's house right now.

"Mmm, I think so.

Snape starts to pace and he's biting his lip viciously while his mom talks to him.

"Yeah, I don't really care what his name is.

"It was fine. No, he didn't say anything. I *know* that I should be able to wear and do what I want. It doesn't mean I *like* getting in trouble for it.

"I *know* I haven't worn a dress or nail polish since I got written up. I'm just--

"Can we talk about this when you get home Sunday?

"What? No, no. Yes? Okay.

"Yeah. If you see a black skater style or swing style skirt. Mine has a hole in it that I plan on patching but I'm going to patch it with a different color fabric so I still need a black skirt.

"Okay. Yeah. I will. I love you, too. Bye."

Snape hangs up on his mom and looks back over at James. James narrows his eyes at him.

"Why *haven't* you been wearing dresses and skirts?" James asks.

Snape shrugs, looks away.

"I don't feel like it?"

James picks Snape up and tackles him to the bed, straddles his hips and holds his arms down by his head. Snape raises an eyebrow at him and smirks.

"Regulus said one of your teachers was giving you a hard time about it. *My* pretend internet boyfriend wouldn't care what some old piece of shit has to say about his outfits, would he?"

Snape looks away from James, he bites his lip. James grabs him by the chin and turns his head back, leans in close and asks, " *would he* ?"

"No," Snape responds softly.

James smiles, smacks a kiss to the corner of his mouth, says *good* , and climbs off of him. He returns to checking the video and sound feed while Snape seems to pull himself together.

"Oh, since your mom's also apparently going to be out of town all weekend, you can stay here, if you want."

Snape scoffs, "you're just trying to get me in your bed, Potter."

"We can play Switch all night after we film this. I've *almost* beaten Super Mario Brothers... I've got like six worlds left--"

"That is *not* having almost beaten--"

"Anyways! You can help me get closer to beating it if I'm not dying and having to restart world's all the time."

"Potter--"

"Did you notice we have, like, eight hundred bottles of your favorite water? Which is..psychotic..by the way. Firstly that you even have a *favorite water* but also that my parents love you so much they started stocking up the brand of water bottle you bring when you come over. They don't even do that for *me* and they, like, raised me."

"Ugh, fine. It's weird being home by myself at night anyways."

"I fucking bet. I always have Sirius over when my parents go out of town, he's loud enough to make up for any lack of sound. We'll go grab you a bag of clothes and what not after I scratch your back up."

"You *are* just trying to get me in your bed," Snape tells him with a smirk.

James feels himself blush and he glares at Snape before a grin splits his face and he simpers, "is it so wrong of me to want to sleep next to my boyfriend at night?"

Snape laughs and pulls his shirt off, settling into the chair. James starts the recording.

Snape's room looks *nothing* like it had when they were twelve. There are beautiful prints of goddesses like Hecate and gods like Dionysus framed and hanging above the headboard of his queen sized bed. Some strange plants are growing vines that curl across the top of a dresser hugging one wall, a large collection of nail polish peeking in and out of the vines and leaves. A rather large plant hanging from the ceiling in a corner is drooping ropes of flora with massive leaves seemingly delicately poked into it's weaving down to the floor, framing a comfortable looking chair with a knit pouf in front of it. A floor length mirror stands tall between the chair and the dresser. A veritable army of shoes is stacked up the wall on the opposite side of the dresser, the shoes balanced on little teeny shelves like in a shoe store but infinitely more functional.

Snape's bed isn't made, which shouldn't seem like something unusual to James, he could never be bothered to make his own. But for Snape, making his bed just seems like something he'd do. But he doesn't. The lavender colored sheets are a messy, tangled up pile in the bed, a black and white striped duvet hanging haphazardly off the side, a corner grazing the floor. There are two bedside tables, one has a BB-8 alarm clock next to a stack of well-loved books with a million little dog-eared pages in each. The other table has a lamp with small bees printed along the shade. Nothing in his rooms seems to have been picked to purposely go with anything else and yet it all fits seamlessly in.

Snape grabs a bag from under the bed and moves to the dresser to start withdrawing pieces from the drawers of carefully folded clothing. James moves the duvet and lies down on the bed, leaving his calves and feet hanging off the edge. He puts an arm behind his head and scrolls through the comments section on both his ASMR and Snape's art Instagrams and watches as more and more

flood in. James's subscriber and follower counts had been rising at astronomical rates over the past week; the drama of an unannounced, unknown, unconfirmed boyfriend piquing everyone's interests.

James puts his phone down when Snape straddles his hips, his phone poised in his hand. James looks up at him and smirks, drops his phone, puts a hand on Snape's thigh, and then drops his eyes to the rips his thumb is trailing over. James licks his lips and then smirks again. James won't deny he finds Snape absurdly attractive, even though he still fights the desire to pummel the fuck head sometimes.

"Taking pictures?" James asks.

"Yeah. Gonna post one to my art accounts Instagram stories, get them all riled up."

Snape sits back and scrolls through the pictures, gnawing at his bottom lip, looking unsatisfied. Snape cocks his head and looks at James.

"What?" James asks.

"It's missing something."

"What's it missing?"

"This," Snape murmurs and then he's kissing James.

Like full on kissing with tongue and teeth and James moans softly when those sharp canines tug at his bottom lip. Snape huffs a laugh,

"Yeah, knew you liked my teeth."

But Snape keeps kissing him until his lips are kiss bruised and bitten to swelling before he kisses down James's neck and bites down, sucking the skin into his mouth and laving his tongue over it. James's hand tenses around Snape's thigh and he groans, he's always been a sucker for teeth on his neck.

"Should probably tell you that unless you're trying to get me hard, you should leave my neck alone," James pants out, moving the hand out from behind his head to hold Snape's other thigh.

Snape grins against his throat, leans back, cocks his head again, and then slots his lips back over James's. James's head is positively *swimming*. Snape is really just inordinately good at kissing. James really should've expected it, Snape has a bit of a reputation for sleeping around, but he'd also not really been expecting Snape to kiss him. This is far beyond any of the smacking kisses James had given him for fun, this is like 'we're about to fuck' kissing. But James doesn't think Snape is actually trying to sleep with him so he's *really* trying to keep his head.

Snape pulls back and his phone is posed over James again. James smirks but feels like he's about to break into laughter, he can't believe Snape just kissed him for pictures. Well, yes, he can. Snape always surprises James. Snape moves angles several times, tapping different parts of his phone, changes orientation, more tapping. James just keeps watching the smaller teen, sometimes the phone, he sticks his fingers into the edge of one of the rips in Snape's jeans and licks his lips, looking back up to Snape and wanting to kiss him again. Snape eventually turns the phone to James to show him the photo.

James is surrounded by a glow of soft light around him, eyes half lidded as if he's extremely satisfied, a smirk on kiss bitten lips, a hickey blooming on the side of his neck. It's very tastefully

artsy or whatever. James has no idea, all Instagram photos tend to look the same to him. Snape's Instagram stories fade into another one of him, he's surrounded by the same soft glow, it's a silent video this time though. James's eyes flicker from where they'd been looking at Snape's thighs up to the camera, licking his lips as his eyes move and it just repeats on loop. That is-- practically cable network porn. Snape tosses his phone to the bed and then leans back over James.

"You've not had sex with very many people," Snape observes.

"Just two people. And from what I've heard, you've had a bunch of sex with lots and lots of people," James responds, a teasing grin on his face.

"Does that bother you? That I've been with a lot of people?"

"Should it?" James asks, schooling his features into a very serious look.

Snape looks at him like he's lost his fucking mind. James grins.

"You've come into the wrong relationship if you're expecting me to slut shame you."

"I--" Snape starts but he ends up snapping his mouth shut and pulling James into another kiss.

James just laughs against his mouth and wraps one of his hands around the back of Snape's neck.

The One Where James Has Spectacularly Poor Impulse Control

Chapter Notes

More things, send professional help

also thank you to everyone for leaving comments and kudos, they mean a lot <3<3

On Tuesday, James sees Snape at his locker after lunch and goes to say hi and let him know he's going to post the new video the following evening.

"Hey, I'm going to-- you are wearing a skirt. A really, really short skirt."

James swallows at the sight of Snape in a black box pleated mini skirt that starts at his belly button and hits just above his mid thigh. Snape has a black sweater tucked into it and a belt with a silver o-ring for a buckle. James can't stop staring at his thighs. *Fuck*, when he'd encouraged Snape to keep wearing skirts he'd not been thinking about how fucking *sexy* Snape would look in them. James's tongue wets his bottom lip as his hand moves to the hem of his skirt, fingers skimming across the soft skin of Snape's thigh before Snape smacks his hand. James looks up in shock, he'd not planned on touching Snape but that doesn't mean he doesn't still *want* to. So James pouts at him but Snape raises an unamused eyebrow.

"Weren't you *just* complaining about me having detention for PDA and now you're just going to stick your hand up my skirt in front of the whole school? You've not even taken me on a *date*, Potter." Snape smirks at him, clearly joking but James wants to play, too.

James closes one eye, cocks his head, and purses his lips as if contemplating the answer.

"It's not *my* fault I was assigned a boyfriend that looks really fucking good in skirts. And you want me to take you on a date? I'll take you on a date," James leans forward to whisper in his ear, eyes still going to Snape's fucking thighs in a mini skirt.

Snape blushes his anime schoolgirl blush and James wonders what he would look like if he bent James over and fucked him while wearing this exact skirt. James inhales sharply and Snape, almost as if he knows exactly what James is thinking, grins his wide Cheshire grin with his teeth catching on his bottom lip and his tongue peeking out and looks disturbingly amused. James finds it funny that Snape blushes over James saying he'll take him on a date but when it becomes about sex, Snape is all grins and cheeky amusement.

"I originally came over here to tell you that I'm going to post that new video tomorrow night. So, be prepared for more mass hysteria from the internet."

Which turns out to be far more relevant than either of them were accounting for.

>>Can you take me home?

<<Yeah.

>>Did you see this?

Snape sends a link to a tweet with a video. Someone in school took a video of James's hand creeping up Snape's skirt and Snape smacking his hand, James leaning in to whisper in his ear, the fucking hickey on the side of James's neck is apparent even from the distance. Snape's face manages to stay out of view, blocked by either his long hair, James, or looking into his locker. The tweet itself says:

Soft Prongs loves his bf in a skirt #evedrawsprongs.

<<I'm blaming you and your kissing skills.

>>If you go back over the video, you'll see it's YOUR hand going up MY skirt. Not the other way around

>>Try again

<<Poor impulse control? And my pretend internet boyfriend has really hot thighs?

>>Warmer

<<My pretend internet boyfriend's thighs in a skirt are so sexy I literally couldn't control myself and HAD to touch them

>>...

>>Yeah alright, I'll take that

When Snape gets in the car James is tapping at the steering wheel.

"I feel like I should say sorry," James says aloud.

"For what?" Snape immediately starts fiddling with the radio.

"Well, is our internet drama relationship going to put a damper on your, well, yeah, well, your sex

life? I mean, uhhh, obviously some of your partners won't know or, er, whatever but some are going to see us, like, um, together all over the internet and, like, well, not be cool with you cheating, I'd think? Even if it's, well, not really cheating since we're um-- and then what if one of them posts something thinking they're exposing you as-- can you help me out here or you just gonna stare at me like this while I flounder and panic?" James asks, exasperated and positively refusing to look in Snape's direction.

"Yeah, probably. But it's not going to be a problem. I've been-- taking a break? That's probably the best way I'm going to word that. I haven't had sex in something like five or six months," Snape tells him.

"I want to ask why *so* badly but it's not my business."

"Isn't it? We are pretend internet boyfriends, after all."

"Snape, even if we were for real boyfriend's *why* you don't want to have sex right now *still* isn't my business. All I need to know is that you don't want to."

"How is it that you spent eight years of our lives enacting physical violence every time I opened my mouth but turned out to be like this?"

"Listen, you still make me want to resort to physical violence sometimes. I just have better impulse control--" --Snape snorts-- "--I said better not perfect, shut up. It's easier to ignore the want to punch you when I can just tease you about being my boyfriend instead."

"Is that why you won't look at me right now? You're, like, the king of intense stares. It feels weird to talk to you without one."

"No."

"Then what's your fucking problem?" Snape sounds irritated.

James turns to look at him, to start a fight, really. He likes when he gets to fight Snape, always has. But when he looks at Snape he remembers why he's meant to be *not* looking at him and his really terrible impulse control has him moving his hand. James shoves the hem of Snape's skirt a bit which startles the other boy and James grabs the fleshy inside of his thigh and squeezes.

"Oh," Snape says softly and then he's climbing over the center console.

Snape straddles James's lap, plopping himself down onto James's thighs and wriggling around as if to get comfortable.

"Are you trying to get me to hit you?" James mutters, both hands now grabbing handfuls of Snape's thighs.

"Not today," Snape says before pulling James into a slow kiss.

>>What

>>Why

>>Where are we going

<<Out to eat

>>Okay

<<Here

>>Come inside, doors open, I'm finishing something up for my mom

James walks inside and finds Snape at the kitchen table, a sewing machine set up. His hair is flowing down his back but there's a big braid holding the strands that would normally fall into his face. James can't help but touch it, it's pretty in his hair and James tugs it gently before just running his fingers along it.

"What're you doing?" James asks.

"She ripped the zipper of her dress so I'm fixing it. She has a date tonight."

"Aw, you and your mom are both going on dates. That's really cute."

"What? No-- oh. This is a date?"

"I told you I'd take you on one like almost a month ago, didn't I?"

"I thought you were joking."

"Be a pretty shitty boyfriend if I never take you on a date, though. Especially since we've been boyfriend's for almost *two* months. Think we should do one of those lame monthiversary posts?" James teases him and tugs at his braid again.

James can tell Snape is blushing as he makes a derisive sound in the back of his throat. Snape lifts the foot and cuts the thread. He yells for his mom in Spanish. James, for all the times in all the years he spent as a kid hearing them speak Spanish to each other, can only pick out tidbits like *dinner* and he thinks vestido means dress but he isn't ready to bet money on it. Snape's mom yells something back and James understands her even less, muffled as she is through the house, but Snape seems to have heard her just fine as he gets out of the chair and moves to take the dress upstairs before coming back downstairs a few minutes later.

James takes Snape to a local little Japanese restaurant where they order more sushi than is perhaps

reasonable and a plate of fried rice to share. Snape is ridiculously good with chopsticks and can even eat the rice with them. James can eat anything *but* rice with chopsticks and Snape is teasing him for it.

"How can you eat everything but rice with them? It's not like the concept changes just because it's rice," Snape points out.

"Yes, it does," James insists petulantly.

"If you say so," Snape murmurs before taking another bite of sushi.

"I do," James says and then, because Snape is chewing and raises a shitty looking eyebrow at him, "Maybe it's because my fingers are short and yours are stupid fucking long."

Snape grins and James knows he's going to say something ridiculous next.

"All the better to finger you with."

"What are you, the big bad wolf?" James asks, though he knows he's blushing, shifts in his seat.

"Why? Want me to eat you, too?" Snape asks before shoving another piece of sushi in his mouth.

"*Severus*," James hisses, cheeks hot.

James has a brief moment where he wishes this relationship were real because *fuck*, he wants Snape to eat him out but he's not going to ask when he doesn't even know if Snape is attracted to him beyond sometimes making out. James hasn't had sex in what is starting to feel like a fucking long ass time. He last had sex in February and it's October now. James really isn't one to seek out random hookups either, he's only had sex with two people and one was an ex and the other was Sirius's little brother, Regulus. Which is something they've both gone to extreme lengths to keep from Sirius himself.

Unfortunately, this isn't the first time James has had this thought but it is the first time it's been solely sex related. James doesn't think Snape would be nearly as interested in humoring James over these things like a date, their impromptu make out sessions, lots of cuddling, and sleepovers if he thought James was doing them because he's interested in and attracted to Snape.

"Hm?" Snape hums, still chewing but clearly smirking.

"I hate you so much," James mutters before taking a bite of sushi, too.

"Mmm, so nothing's changed," Snape says, leaning forward. "You coming upstairs when we get back to my house?"

James glares at him and petulantly says, "Maybe. I haven't decided yet."

Snape huffs a laugh and says quietly, "think I can get you to say my name again?"

James blushes wildly and glares harder, presses his lips together.

"Completely shameless," James mutters.

Snape winks at him.

James, despite telling Snape he's not decided, has definitely decided he's going upstairs after they leave. He's only slightly addicted to having Snape kissing him the way he does. Snape is just so fucking good at it and he's constantly pulling James into those addicting kisses. James has been covered in hickeys for *weeks*, which isn't making any of it less addicting. James has had way too many orgasms lately thinking about the way Snape's teeth feel on him. Snape, yet again, looks as if he knows exactly what James is thinking and is all grinny. James slots their legs together under the table and it's enough to have the situations reversed. For all his ease in riling James up with sex, it's clear Snape is uncomfortable with casual intimacy and anything related to dating and relationships. James is determined to change that, even knowing it would never benefit him personally.

Snape would never give James the time of day if he thought this were for any reason other than a joke. James's stomach twists uncomfortably as he looks at Snape's grinning face. *Fuck*, how did it come to this? It's been a month and a half since he posted the first video and every single day since then James finds himself more and more attracted to Snape. It's a disaster waiting to happen, really. Snape's having fun teasing him, humoring him, and James can feel himself getting far too involved.

James hasn't ever been cautious a day in his life, though.

Most especially with Snape.

And he really isn't going to start now.

James pays for dinner and holds Snape's hand the whole way out of the restaurant. Snape is blushing the whole time and even more so when James opens his car door. James drives them back to Snape's house and goes upstairs.

James kicks his shoes off and lays down in Snapes's bed, scrolls through his phone as Snape does something in the kitchen. When Snape comes upstairs, James is expecting him to straddle him like he usually does but Snape shoves his legs apart and settles between them. James gulps and Snape smirks and then he's pulling James into a leisurely kiss.

Breaking News: Morticia Addams Caught Kissing A Cat Burglar

Chapter Notes

I found this chapter ridiculously difficult to write ;-;

James feels a little like punching Sirius.

It doesn't happen often but James is at this house party for Halloween because Sirius wanted to go. Sirius is dressed up all in white with the words *The Moon* written on his shirt. Remus is meant to be a werewolf but he's just wearing wolf ears and a tail pinned to his jeans and there's some fake scars on his face. They both look ridiculous. James is dressed as a cat burglar, a black and white striped t-shirt with black jeans with a cat beanie baby hanging out of his back pocket. Best he could do for Sirius's last minute notice.

Sirius is positively fucking shit faced. Remus also looks ready to punch him. James is creeping away from them. He finds Derek Meadowes and some of the other guys and their girlfriends from the soccer team and quickly slots into their conversation. James likes Derek, he's a bit of an airhead but he's a good dude. He's dressed as a cheerleader, the bright neon colors of his outfit look amazing against his dark skin and it works for him. Derek seems to have shaved his legs and James finds that incredibly amusing. Derek is dating a girl named Marlene, who is whippet smart and argues like a lawyer. She's dressed like a football player and they look adorable next to each other.

James is in the middle of talking to them when a hand slips into his and a body presses up against his side. James knows it's Severus, the smell of him gives it away, but so does the way his hand fits into James's. Severus leans up to whisper in James's ear.

"Four different people have come up to tell me my boyfriend is here. I figured it was time to come say hello."

James grins and leans into Severus's ear, "four? What were you doing to warrant such attention?"

Severus's fingers tighten around James's palm, as if bracing himself for a fight

"Socializing."

James knows what *that* means and his belly flips, a tight feeling pulls at his chest but he just lets his grin grow wider. Severus *would* flirt with people when his supposed boyfriend is at the same party. James knows he has no right to be jealous and he wants to find it rather amusing that Severus is no less himself than he's ever been but it just serves to remind him that what they're doing isn't real. It's all for fun. It doesn't much feel like fun at this point but it's meant to be. James takes a breath and noses along Severus's hairline.

"Flirting? Should I be jealous?" He asks, a teasing lilt to his voice.

"No," Severus whispers. "Just having fun."

"Mmm," James hums, moves his free hand to Severus's waist. There's something unyielding under the fabric of his dress. "What is that?"

"A corset."

James leans back and takes in Severus's costume. Severus is dressed as Morticia Addams, his long black hair cascading down his shoulders and back, a long, beautiful black dress tapers in at his waist, accentuated by the corset he seems to be hiding underneath it, and to the floor. Severus has red lipstick on and eye makeup.

"Fuck, you look hot," James breathes, swooping down to give Severus a kiss.

Severus laughs and returns the kiss but pushes him back quickly. Severus brings a thumb to James's lips and wipes off any smudged lipstick.

"You're dating a *girl* ? Never thought I'd see the day," Sirius sounds incredulous but claps James on the back. "Holy shit, *Snape* ?"

"And not a girl, Black."

"Also, did we forget I've dated girls before?" James asks, irritated.

"Details," Sirius waves off. "Came to tell you that Remy thinks it's time to take me hooome. Goodnight, fair James and your ...goth."

Remus waves, following Sirius as he skips out of the room.

"One of the girls near us has pulled her phone out and is recording us," Severus tells him with a sly grin.

"Oh? Do you look properly in love with me, then?" James teases.

"Probably not. I'm far too amused. Perhaps you should turn mushy enough for the both of us."

James pulls the deepest, softest feelings he has for Severus from within himself and relaxes his body and brings a hand to cradle the side of Severus's neck. James rubs his thumb across the impossibly pale skin and feels his eyes soften around the corners, his mouth relaxes but the corners tilt up. His other hand detaches from Severus's hand and he wraps it around his back, pulling Severus closer. Severus's own features relax, a properly sappy expression skittering across his face before settling in it. James moves the hand on Severus's neck into the boy's black, black hair.

"Gonna kiss you now. Fuck up your makeup," James murmurs softly, wanting to avoid the reminder that Severus's expression isn't real.

"Yeah," Severus breathes, fisting his hands in James's shirt.

James leans down as Severus lifts up on his toes a bit to level some of the seven inch height difference between them and their lips meet in a slow kiss. Severus's hand creeps around his jaw and his thumb digs in under James's jaw. It's slightly uncomfortable but he's not going to move it, not during one of the shorter boy's addicting kisses. He pulls Severus even closer to him, feels the crunch of the plastic cup between them and ignores it. Severus pulls James's bottom lip between his teeth and sucks on it. James takes in a shaky breath and Severus chuckles as he pulls back, something dark and low in the pitch.

Severus's eyes are normally dark, so brown they're nearly black. If he looks close enough, he can always make out the lighter shades in them that speckle around the pupil. But not right now, even in the lowlight, James can tell Severus's pupils are blown wide. James steps back. He's not--he can't do casual sex. He's not like Severus on that front--as much as he wishes he could be. James had tried to have a sort of friends with benefits relationship with Regulus but it didn't work

out the way either of them had been hoping. James had caught feelings fast and Regulus had distanced himself further and further with every show of James's affections for him. It had taken months for James to go back to seeing Regulus as Sirius's little brother and not as a potential boyfriend.

He's got no interest in going through the same sort of heartache again but with an even more vicious partner. James has no doubt that Severus would verbally eviscerate him over catching feelings if given the opportunity. A great laugh, considering James's hatred for him over the years. Which circles back to why James has resolved himself to the ache he's already harboring for Severus and won't try to make anything come from it. He just doesn't deserve the time of day from a boy he'd tortured so thoroughly.

James pushes the thoughts from his mind and decides to just enjoy anything Severus is willing to give him. Severus's lipstick is smeared all over his mouth and James is sure he doesn't look any better so he decides the only solution is to take Severus's cup, set it down, and pull Severus back into another full kiss.

The videos of James and Severus making out are posted all over the internet. Tags, retweets, harassment, love and support, *fanart*, fan videos, all kinds of wild things are appearing in their little section of the internet. James spends an inordinate amount of time watching some of them from throwaway accounts-- just in case. He's not spoken to Severus since the Halloween party makeout even though he wants to. He wants so badly to have the other boy with him for more kissing.

James can tell Severus is getting impatient with his refusals to go further. Severus has never been discreet about his sex life-- stories have been roaming the school since they were sophomores. James doesn't know how to tell him he can't have sex with him because he's very terrified he might be in love with the worst possible recipient of said affections to have ever come through James's line of sight.

Another ping. Another comment. Another notification. Another text. Another email. It just keeps pouring in and there's speculation as to whether or not it's Severus or if it's actually a woman and James is cheating. Scandal is being drawn in and James's character is being called into question.

Severus finally texts James.

>>This is out of hand.

James's stomach drops to the floor. He stands so quickly that his chair falls behind him with a clatter before he even thinks to text him back asking what he means.

>>they're going to kill u if i don't confirm that it was me

He runs a shaky hand through his black hair and sinks onto the edge of his bed, exhaling slowly. He knows that. He knows it'll only get worse if they don't but he also knows it might blow up again and leave them open and vulnerable to other types of criticism and James is used to that--he put himself out there on YouTube of all fucking places. But Severus has stayed relatively anonymous on his art accounts, no pictures of his face or confirmation of his name or identity. Just pictures of his art.

<<if you don't want to reveal yourself on your accounts, it's nothing I can't handle.

>>Always the martyr

>>Idiot

It's only moments later before James receives a notification that Severus has posted new content to his account. James carefully clicks the little banner and it warps him over to Instagram. The first image is of something Severus drew-- a sort of shrine like thing. The second image he slides over to is the time lapse video of him drawing it. The third image is of them kissing at the Halloween party-- maybe it's a still shot snagged from one of the videos? But it looks to be of better quality than any of the videos James has seen. Maybe he missed a post of someone sharing a better quality image.

>>there. Now u won't be needlessly slaughtered

<<thank u

James picks his chair up and sits in it, staring off at his wall. He imagines what he might be feeling if they were actually together--elation? That Severus would want people to know they're together? Pride? Loved? In an alternate universe where this might be seen as some sort of declaration of dedication by his partner. His partner being Severus-- a notoriously finicky person.

Severus's refusal to date is a notable rumor throughout the school. A variety of people have tried to sway his mind and opinion on long-term relationships to no avail. James has been told that the last person to try had ended up switching schools from the disappointment and heartbreak of watching him date around with others. James can't do that. More importantly he *won't* do that.

>>yeah. U alright?

James's doesn't know why but his belly below his navel twists mercilessly. He swallows and sniffs, looks up at the ceiling and back down at his phone. He's not alright, he desperately wishes for their relationship to be *real*. Tangible proof that *something* exists between them. But he can't say that. Despite what Severus says, James isn't actually a martyr. He's more of an asshole than that and he's selfish. He wants Severus to himself. The only thing standing in his way is his own *pride* at this point.

If James thought he had even of a fraction of a chance at an actual relationship with Severus--he'd fucking ask. But he doesn't and he knows that. So to prevent his ego from being shattered to pieces *entirely*, he'll leave well enough alone.

<<yeah, just busy editing some stuff

<<sorry

>>kk

>>you coming over later?

James swallows and pleads with the universe for some assistance. He needs to know. But the universe remains silent and James looks at his phone, licks his lips, and sends down the blade of the guillotine.

<<yeah.

Kisses and Confusion

Chapter Notes

Another chapter I seemed to struggle with. Maybe I just don't deal well with trying to include angst ;-; Fortunately, the angst is almost at an end. <3 Again, thank you to everyone who has left kudos and comments. I really appreciate all of your support <3 <3

“So, what’s really going on with you and Severus, James?” Remus asks during a sleepover after Sirius has fallen asleep.

James shrugs, twisting his fingers all together. He clears his throat.

“I’m not entirely sure at this point, if I’m honest,” he admits after a moment. He hears Remus sigh.

“Yeah, I didn’t think so. You probably weren’t even thinking it through when you asked him out. You really like him, though, yeah?”

Remus’s voice is so soft and accepting that for a split moment James considers just spilling his guts about everything. He doesn’t, though. He knows that Remus would probably be *furios* about how this all got started and be all judgy over the continuation of it and he’s just too exhausted to hear it. James just nods, purses his lips and looks down at his knees.

There’s a small bruise on the inside of his right knee. He’s not even sure what it’s from. Maybe soccer, he doesn’t know anymore. He just stares at it, his mind twisting and turning over how he feels about Severus. He crosses his arms over his chest and crosses his leg over his knee then undoes the move and crosses the other one. Remus huffs and it pulls James’s attention back over to him.

“Just like to you be upset that you’re actually interested in him,” Remus snickers.

“Shut it,” James mumbles, heat rising to his cheeks. Fortunately, it’s too dark for Remus to see the flush or James knows he’d be teased mercilessly for it.

“It’s good, you idiot. Stop freaking out about it. I think he likes you, too. He’s never dated anyone else,” Remus reminds him.

Which is just a slap to the face, really. Just further proving the point to James that this isn’t even remotely real. That he really can’t keep doing this to himself, falling harder and faster and staying so fixated on Severus, going on dates and kissing and *all of it* . But he can’t seem to stop himself. He stares at the wall for what feels like seconds but when he tunes back into life with the vibration from his phone, Remus is asleep and it’s nearing two in the morning.

>>you up?

<< kind of
<< what's up?

>>come over?

<< be there in ten

James yanks his sneakers on and heads to Severus's. Sev sneaks him up the stairs and throws him down on the bed, despite him being the shortest, skinniest human being James has ever kissed. Severus is on him in the blink of an eye, wrapping his hands around James's face and pulling him into a deep kiss. James sighs into it, enjoying the way Severus's mouth just seems to fit against his own. He could kiss him forever if given the time.

Severus's hands move and then his mouth does, too. He's sucking marks into James's neck, pulling moan after moan from James's chest. Severus shushes him and leans back up to pull him into a sloppy kiss. James's hands are grabbing at Severus's ribs like a lifeline, desperately trying to keep his head above the all consuming entity that is the teen above him.

The darkness of his room, the softness of the bed, the rough stubble along Severus's jaw, the smooth glide of their lips together, the way Severus smells--like mandarin and teakwood. All of it is working to drown him, to pull him under and lull him into believing this--this *thing* with Severus is more than it is. When Severus's hand creeps under his shirt, he doesn't even move. Severus is smirking into the kiss, moving down to suck at James's neck again.

Fingers tweak one of his nipples the same time sharp teeth bite into his neck and he groans so loudly it shocks even him. Severus only huffs a laugh and shushes him again, a hand moving down his belly. He giggles at the sensation, the move jerking him back to what's happening just as Severus's hand starts tugging at the ties of his basketball shorts.

"Wait--no," James says, grabbing Severus's hand and sitting up. The move serves to dislodge the smaller of them in an attempt to avoid having his face smashed by James's shoulder.

"What is the problem?" He growls. "You're gagging for it just as badly as I am. Why do you keep shoving me off?"

James tries his best to see Severus's face in the dark, a scowl on the already harsh features.

"I-I-I--" he stammers and then he sighs, running his hands through his hair before just putting his head in them.. "I'm just not--"

Severus groans and flops back onto the bed.

"Sorry. I'm not trying to, yanno, pressure you. I know you're not-- it's fine. Just, don't worry about

it,” Severus says behind his hands before sighing again and then pulling James down.

James straddles Severus this time, a move that seems to be orchestrated by Severus so that James might feel more in control of anything that might proceed. James just uses the opportunity to leave his own hickey on Severus instead of being the only one sporting them. Severus’s hands dig so roughly into his hip, he swears the skin is going to bruise. Severus swallows so hard his throat clicks loud enough for James to hear it and then he lets out a husky groan, quiet and intense.

It absolutely wrecks them both, the way Severus reacts to having his neck sucked on. The smaller man ends up pushing him off, his breathing heavy and his hands a little shaky. James goes readily, waiting patiently as Severus seems to pull himself together. He just shakes his head and looks up at James, tilting himself upwards so that he can suck James’s bottom lip in his mouth. He kisses along James’s jawline until his mouth is at his ear.

“Don’t do that again unless you’re wanting me to fuck you,” Severus murmurs, voice deep and smooth but with a desperate edge to it.

James takes in a shuddery breath while he nods in agreement to the stipulation. He wasn’t expecting Severus to react that viscerally anyways. He definitely isn’t trying to push it. He’s getting rather frustrated himself. They go back to kissing but it’s slower, less desperate, less pushy.

There comes a time when kissing seems to be even too much to do and they curl together in Severus’s bed and just talk quietly to each other until Severus falls asleep. James sneaks out of the house and goes back home.

“I don’t trust you,” a voice says to James while he’s pulling books from his locker. He looks over to see Severus’s redheaded neighbor standing there.

“Okay?” He asks, bewildered.

“I don’t know what you’re trying to pull with Severus but I swear, if you hurt him--”

James laughs and it sounds rather vicious to his own ears.

“*Me* hurt *him* ? The guy someone moved schools to get away from because he wouldn’t date them? The guy known for being so emotionally cruel and cutting that no one’s willing to even try to say anything even remotely snide to him anymore? You think *I* am going to hurt him?” He asks with a sneer.

“How do you think he got to be that way?” She snarls. “That he woke up one more and decided to be mean to everyone? *No* . He learned that from defending himself from *you* . And whether or not

Severus has dated anyone in the past has nothing to do with the fact that he's dating you *now* . Maybe it should give you a giant clue as to how much he fucking *likes* you. You can see it all over his face."

James shakes his head. He feels the wind get kicked out of his sails with every word she says. She's just looking for reasons to believe Severus likes him. He sighs and looks away from her.

"I don't know who you're talking about but I don't think it's Severus you're thinking of. He's barely interested in me, if anything it might just be payback for all the years I was a dick to him," James mumbles, slamming his locker door shut.

"Are you stupid? Actually, don't answer that, because I know you are," she scoffs. "If he didn't like you, he wouldn't spend so much time with you. Severus doesn't suffer fools gladly and he definitely doesn't suffer *you* with any sort of patience. I don't know why you think he doesn't like you back when he agreed to dating such a piece of shit like *you* but perhaps you should reevaluate what the fuck is going on in that empty head of yours."

The redheaded neighbor girl stalks off, her middle finger held up for James's viewing before she turns the corner.

"What was that about?" Severus's voice asks from somewhere near James's shoulder. James jumps, not having expected Severus to be there. He takes a deep breath and plasters on a grin.

"She was just giving her best big sister speech about my being your boyfriend," James tells him, bouncing on his toes.

Severus rolls his eyes.

"She's been weird the past couple weeks. I think something might be going on with her and Dorcas but every time I ask she gets all shitty with me," Severus tells him quietly.

"Yeah? You think they might break up or something?"

Severus shrugs and laces his fingers with James's free hand.

"Dunno. They've been together for nearly two years. It's hard to think about them being separated by any measure but it's not impossible that they might split."

"It's hard to think about even being with someone for that long," James admits under his breath.

Severus snickers and nods.

“Be kind of cute, though. To be with someone long enough to know everything about them,” Severus says and it sounds oddly *wistful* .

James looks down at him and sees Severus’s black eyes are unfocused on a wall clock. James likes the idea himself, having watched his parents interact with each other for his whole life. He wonders how much more or less that might appeal to Severus, whose parents aren’t together and haven’t been for long enough that James isn’t even sure if they’re divorced or if Severus’s dad died or what.

His parents always told him never to ask but Severus and his mom are some of the most private people on the planet and have never freely given the information either. James is tempted to break the rule and ask now but he knows it wouldn’t end well for him. Severus would either tell him what happened and James would have to be apologetic--something he really just has never been good at doing. *Or* Severus will get furious with him for asking something so personal unprompted and unprovoked.

James does the next best thing he could possibly do in this situation and squeezes Severus’s hand, plants a soppy grin on his face.

“Yeah. Maybe we’ll be fake boyfriends for that long,” James tells him with a wink. Severus gives him a tight grin that grows the longer they look at each other.

“Maybe. Or you’ll be fed to the jaws of my fanatic fans, won’t you?” Severus tells him and then pokes James in the ribs.

James yelps, dropping Severus’s hand to grab at the wounded area. He puts on a big pout and Severus rolls his eyes, a grin still wide across his face.

“You hurt me,” James whines loudly, fake sobbing and draping his body against Severus’s shoulders.

“Oh, get off me, you big baby,” Severus argues, shoving at James’s chest.

“But you-- you *hurt* me,” James cries. “Kiss it to make it better!”

Severus huffs and he just pulls James down for a quick kiss. James cries loudly when Severus pulls away, fake sobbing some more.

“What now?” Severus asks, pursing his lips and rolling his eyes.

“You don’t wanna kiss me!” James squawks, throwing an arm around Severus’s shoulders and then pulling him into a deep kiss.

The kiss just seems to deepen the longer it goes on until they’re full on making out in the school hallway.

“Detention, Potter and Snape!” Coach Eshaway’s voice booms through the hall. Severus and James break apart groaning and James bashes his own head against a locker.

“You’re such a bad influence,” James hisses at Severus before winking at him. Severus smacks him across the ribs and stalks off.

Sex and Sadness

Chapter Notes

I don't know if it'll be overwhelmingly sad for you guys but I might've cried writing this.

Again, thank you to everyone leaving comments and kudos, I can't even begin to describe how much it means to me <3 <3 <3

James doesn't know what compels him to keep taking Severus on dates when their relationship. Well, he *does* but he doesn't want to remind himself that he's falling hopelessly in love with him while they're actively on a date.

Damn, too late. Now James is thinking about when Severus is going to go back to fucking people because James won't join the long list of casual fucks. Which then sends him spiralling into thinking that maybe Severus is humoring this just so he can get into James's pants and then just drop him like a hot rock. Oh, no.

"What's wrong with you?" Severus murmurs, his face nearly smushed up against the piece of pottery he's painting. James startles out of his negative thoughts and clears his throat. He's about to answer that nothing is wrong when Severus continues on, grumbling, "You know, you don't have to keep taking me on dates if it's just going to make you act like an asshole."

James's jaw drops a bit and the *fury* that swarms in his chest is only bridled by years of forced intervention between the two of them by their old school.

"I was just thinking about how I want to finish this piece. But here you are calling me an asshole," James pouts, dipping his paintbrush in the paint. A thin film has dried over the top of the small puddle while he was zoned out thinking and he mixes it all around carelessly.

"Yeah, but you've been weird for weeks now so that can't be the only thing," Severus retorts. There's an edge to his voice, even as he focuses on painting precise little things into the sides of the pottery little keepsake box.

"Nuh-uh. You're imagining things, obviously. I've been the same I've always been," James argues, reflexively.

Severus halts painting and sits back, just staring at James with a flat look on his face. James purses his lips and resolves to go back to having fun with their little pseudo-relationship instead of worrying about when the end of it might be. Deciding to throw himself head first into this absolute dumpster fire trainwreck domino effect of a singular life event, he winks at Severus and paints a line across the top of his trinket dish.

"Really," Severus deadpans.

“Yeah. Sorry, it’s not got anything to do with you,” James lies with an ease he shouldn’t have. “Just have a lot on my mind recently.”

Severus visibly relaxes, moving to start painting again. “

I could help you with that, you know,” Severus tells him with a smirk before he shifts in a way that his hair falls into his face.

James is tempted to tuck it behind his ear but the last time he’d tried he’d gotten pinched for his troubles. James doesn’t really understand how Severus could possibly help him with having a lot on his mind unless it was an indirect way of saying he could talk to the other teen--oh. *Oh* . James’s cheeks are on fire and he kicks Severus lightly under the table.

“Must you always make such crude jokes,” he cries. “Will you ever love me for me and not my body?”

Severus rolls his eyes even as he laughs. James uses the time they’re painting pottery to loosen himself back up, to *prove* to Severus that he’s not being an asshole and there’s definitely not anything wrong with him, thank you very fucking much. James is obviously having the absolute time of his life every single time he spends even a moment with Severus. How could the long-haired teen even question James’s commitment to the bit? He’ll prove it. James is going to make sure Severus knows that he’s fully *in* on their dates and time together.

When they leave the pottery painting place, James takes Severus home with him.

“Hello, boys! Oh, James, your father and I were just leaving so I’m glad you brought Severus home with you,” his mom tells him as he and Severus walk into the kitchen.

“Yeah? Where are you guys going tonight?” James asks, grabbing a water bottle from the fridge and tossing it at Severus.

He sets about making popcorn and grabbing a bowl as his mom tells him about how Walburga, Sirius’s mom, is having another sort of dinner party type thing, where no one eats dinner--it’s all hor d’oeuvres-- and absolutely no one is sitting down since everyone is usually milling about with their little snacks and lots of alcohol, that all of the PTA families are meant to be attending. James can vaguely remember Sirius complaining about that and how he and Regulus were being shipped off to their Uncle Alphard’s to go hunting over the weekend. Sirius had somehow managed to convince Alphard to let Remus go with them. James already knows Remus is going to spend ages complaining about forest sex when they get back.

James kisses his mom’s cheek and yells goodbye to his dad as they go, watching his mom pull Severus into a hug that nearly drowns the scrawny punk. He snickers and Severus flips him off from behind James’s mom’s back. After James’s parents have left, he pulls Severus up the stairs with the popcorn and into his room.

“What is the datiest date movie you can think of off the top of your head?” James asks, going about creating a blanket and pillow fort along the floor in front of the tv in the upstairs tv room,

grabbing blankets and pillows from his own room as well as the guest rooms and linen closets.

“The Notebook, of course,” Severus answers. “Why? Oh, no. No, no, no. We’re *not* --”

“Yes, we absolutely are. The Notebook it is. Even though--eh, it’s fine. You’ve got long hair-- *ow*, I was only kidding you sick and twisted fucker. Who beats their boyfriends up like this?” James complains as Severus continues attacking his ribs with swift little jabs of his long and bony fingers. Fuck.

Halfway through the movie, James catches Severus smiling softly and looking at him all sappy. It sends his heart rate through the roof and he pulls Severus into a sloppy, nearly desperate kiss. Severus is grinning against James’s mouth and James just ignores it to pull him even closer and lick along Severus’s bottom lip. Severus sucks James’s tongue into his mouth before quickly nipping it with his sharp teeth. James whimpers at the sensation and digs his fingers in at Severus’s hip.

Severus hums and rolls himself on top of James. James sinks further into the pillows and lets himself be swept up by the sensation of the body on top of his own. Severus’s fingers creep under his shirt and James pulls back to suck in a breath before he kisses along Severus’s sharp jawline. He almost can’t think straight when he presses a hot kiss to the side of Severus’s neck only to be met with a high whine that has him licking at the skin and pulling the skin into his mouth to suck.

The groan that spills from Severus is loud and needy and James feels it vibrating against his lips, at where his hands had migrated to the others’ chest. He grins around the hickey he’s making, proud of the way his attentions are being reacted to. Severus grinds down against James and then there’s a hand around James’s throat and he’s being tipped backwards to look up. Severus’s hands are at the button of his jeans, his eyes half-lidded but determined even as he makes eye contact with James.

“We agreed,” Severus says, voice husky and low, the intensity strikes James deep in his belly.

“Yeah,” James breathes, licking his lips. “Yeah, fuck me.”

Severus pops the button open even as he reattaches his mouth to James’s.

Severus wasn’t there when James woke up. There was a goodbye sticky note on James’s desk in Severus’s handwriting and James can’t shake the feeling that it’s a permanent one. It’s only further supported by the fact that there are no more texts that entire weekend.

James just *knows* that Severus Snape, eternal player and coldhearted bastard, had gotten what he’d wanted and it had been enough for him. James’s chest has a tightness to it that seems to splinter and crack through his ribcage, like water frozen in the cracks of rocks. It’s jarring, disturbing, his stomach and heart are tied together in a jumble of nerves as he gets ready for school that Monday

morning.

He picks Sirius, Regulus, and Remus up and everyone is quick to catch on to his mood. The whole car ride is quiet, tense.

“You sure you're alright?” Sirius asks before he follows Remus and Regulus out of the car.

James only nods.

“Man, Jamie, don't lie to me. Did something happen? With--damn, with Snape? Remus told me you really like him and--”

“I finally had sex with him and he dipped out after. He hasn't spoken to me since,” James says quietly, as if saying it any louder will just increase the pain.

Sirius sucks in a breath and he just pulls James into as tight a hug as he can across the center console of the car. James chokes on a sob, holding tightly to Sirius as torrents of tears just stream down his cheeks, running into Sirius's shirt at his shoulder. James can't seem to pull it together. He can't even seem to pinpoint which part hurts more--the feeling of being used or the thought that he's not going to spend time with Severus any longer after he'd gotten so close to him.

“Did you-- did you try to text him or anything?” Sirius asks, sounding awkward even to James.

“Yeah,” James gets out somehow. “Yeah, I did.”

“Oh, Jamie, I'm sorry. He was always a little skeeze,” Sirius tries. James can tell Sirius is trying to hold back on the verbal slaughter he wants to unleash upon Severus's character but the last time it had happened when James was upset with someone, it had caused a huge fight between the two of them so Sirius had promised not to focus on how shitty someone else was.

James can't tell if it makes it worse or better that Sirius is trying so hard not to shit talk the dude that just yanked James around on a string as payback for---for what? For the years of torture under James's hands? For the internet drama since James had asked for his part? For Severus's own personal gain? James doesn't know and he doubts he'll ever get an answer. Not that it matters. The only thing he can do now is just try to let go of his relationship with Severus. Fake relationship. Sweet Tits, he shouldn't have let himself get so swept up in a relationship that wasn't even *real*. He feels so fucking stupid.

Sirius pats his back and James pulls back, snuffles and dries his face. He shouldn't be doing this here. Not when Severus could possibly see him falling apart. James and Sirius get out of the car and head inside just as the first bell rings. Sirius tears off towards the other side of the school where his locker is.

James isn't even surprised to find that Severus is already flirting with some girl with purple hair, leaning over her as she's pressed up against her locker. Doesn't mean it doesn't hurt like a hot fucking knife, though. Especially when he leans down and presses a kiss to her cheek, her giggle echoing down the hallway.

“Maybe you were right,” the redheaded neighbor says, appearing from nowhere to stand next to James and watch the duo together. “Maybe he wasn’t interested in you.”

“Yeah,” James agrees, bobbing his head.

“You look like shit,” she tells him. “He must’ve really fucked with your head.”

“He did.”

Redhead neighbor sighs and shakes her head. It seems to be a signal to Severus as he’s smirking, saying something to the purple haired girl, but he looks over at them mid-sentence and his face drops before he snaps his attention back to the girl.

“I’m Lily, by the way. In case you forgot again,” Lily offers and he resolves to remember her name this time.”

“James,” he tells her.

“Yeah. I think this time I might have to beat him up instead,” she mutters before stalking off towards Severus. She doesn’t actually but purple haired girl fucks off and Severus looks annoyed even as he’s scoffing and arguing with Lily.

James rips his eyes away from the two of them and finishes pulling his textbooks before heading to homeroom, now determined to just move on from this.

Dates and Consequences

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys so much for all the comments and kudos and bookmarks. I'm so sorry this chapter is late-- it's been a crazy week. I love everyone who is still reading this. I can't believe you're still here <3 <3

James somehow manages to go back to never seeing Snape at school again. He can't tell if he's somehow subconsciously made the decision and therefore altered his moves at school accordingly or if Snape is the one who is staying out of the way.

It becomes evident when after practice one afternoon, Snape is sitting on the hood of his car looking absolutely furious. James swallows heavily and unlocks his car, not bothering to say anything as he throws his gear in the back.

Severus fiddles with the music on the radio as James drives towards Snape's neighborhood and it feels as if they're back to the time before. Before the mindblowing sex and the Snape disappearing and the shitty looks in the hallways for a few days.

"You could've at least let me know you didn't want to see me anymore," Snape grumbles after finding what he wants, throwing himself backwards in his seat.

"The *fuck* ?" James squawks. "If you recall, *you* dipped out the morning after. No note, no text, not a single fucking heads up. I *told* you I don't-- I don't do casual and you just fucking--"

"I just fucking what? Fucked you? Let you see how good it can feel with someone you're not completely and totally fucking in love with?" Snape snarls.

"Too bad I'm completely and totally fucking in love with you," James snaps and then groans when he realizes what he's done.

"You're-- *what* ?" Severus whispers, sounding vaguely horrified.

James pulls into Severus's driveway and doesn't bother looking at the longhaired teen in the passenger seat.

"Yeah. Yeah, I dunno. The lines kind of got blurred for me somewhere and I-- I-- I'm not like you. I can't just do those things and not feel things for people. For you. Sorry. I didn't mean for you to find out like thi--"

"Don't lie," Severus snaps. "You didn't intend for me to find out *at all* ."

"You're right! Because I knew you'd fucking leave the minute you did. And here we are. What the fuck did you think would happen this afternoon? That you'd get to fuck me again because you waited for me after practice? That we could pick up where things vaguely left off *several weeks ago* ? When--" James cuts himself off with a strangled sound, shakes his head. "Just go. I get why you don't feel the same way. Can you just leave me alone from now on? It's bad enough knowing-- I don't really need you to rub it in my face how easy it is for you to not care."

The silence between them is oppressive, even with the soft sounds of the radio and the sounds of their breathing. It's killing James to have this conversation. He'd been imagining it for weeks but it's turned out nothing like those shower rehearsals where Severus breaks down and begs for James to become his boyfriend and James pretends he'd turn away from such an offer. Instead, it just becomes clearer that James really didn't mean anything to Severus at all and it tugs somewhere between his ribs. The back of his throat feels thick and he swallows around it, only to need to take a shuddering breath as his vision blurs.

"Just let me know if you ever decide what you want for payment for those videos," James says quietly, effectively putting a full end to the conversation. He can feel the weight of Severus's stare on his face but he refuses to look over and give him the satisfaction.

Severus sighs and then the car door is opening and closing. James sags against his seat once he thinks Severus is fully inside of the house and can't see him, swiping away at the tears crowding the corners of his eyes. He puts his car in reverse.

>> A date.

James looks at his phone in confusion. He's not entirely sure *why* Severus has texted him with just those two words but he has. James ignores the message for two days before a second one comes in.

>> A date.

>> A date, James. A date.

<< ??? What do you mean 'a date?'

>> That's what I want as payment. A date.

>> A real one. You and me.

James swallows and types out several paragraphs of how that might actually be the most monumentally idiotic thing Severus has ever said to him in their entire lives and Severus has said *a lot* of stupid things to James before so the bar is *not low*. But he erases it all. He just looks at his phone, looks at the messages, and the gaps in the time stamps. He doesn't know what he wants to do with Severus anymore.

Which is honestly a lie. James knows he wants Severus, wants to go back to the fun they were having before they'd fucked it all up. Before *James* had fucked it all up by falling for Severus when he absolutely really fucking shouldn't have. His heart skips several beats when he does finally respond. He'd promised Severus that he'd give anything as payment and he's not so much of a coward to back out on something like a fucking *date*.

<< Fine. When and where?

>> You tell me.

James decides to take them to the same Japanese restaurant he'd taken them to on their 'first' date. It's awkward. Just excruciatingly so. James is so uncomfortable with the entire premise he's having trouble even *looking* at Severus, let alone speaking to him as if things are normal between them. But Severus seems to power through it, just endlessly talking about his art or his skateboarding or the new dress he's just bought.

There will probably be a muscle spasm in his neck from how much he's been nodding in an effort to avoid saying anything at all to Severus. He just wants to go home, he knows this doesn't mean anything to the other teen.

"Will you at least act like you're happy to be here?" Severus growls after his fourth attempt at conversation falling short. "You'll be taking me on another one if you keep up this not talking shit."

"Sorry, I don't usually have conversations with people that were so blatantly cruel to me," James snaps and then regrets it.

"I'd say the same but I'm here with *you*, aren't I?" Severus snarls and then sits back in resignation, his face twisting down as if he's genuinely hurt with the way James is acting.

James emits a disgruntled noise of frustration from the back of his throat.

"You don't get to fucking turn this around on you. You were a fucking dick, either own up and apologize or fucking let me leave," James tells him.

Severus sighs and runs a hand through his hair. The long black strands have little braids running through them and James is mesmerized by them temporarily, the light of the setting sun catching on the inky black of them giving them a temporary blue tint.

"I am sorry, you know," Severus tells him, looking down at the free hand he has on the table. "I wasn't trying to hurt you. I might've panicked a bit, yanno, after. I hadn't realized how attached to you I'd gotten and I just-- I freaked. I don't like the idea of being in a relationship with someone and then just--just *leaving* like my dad left my mom. It just hasn't ever seemed realistic to try. But you were there and everything was different and I-- I-- don't know. It doesn't even seem right to tell you any of this now, now that I know that *I* was the one in my dad's shoes this time."

James listens, watching Severus's fingers play with the napkin as he speaks. He doesn't know how or why or even when Severus's dad left but he realizes it must've been torturous for Severus to watch no matter what age he would've been at. Or even just to hear about through family members or his mother. He can't imagine experiencing that with his own parents and his heart aches for Severus. But the ache quickly turns to fury.

"So you just decided to yank me around for fun?" James grumbles, crossing his arms over his chest. "You decided to just run off without saying anything and now that you've realized you want me, too, you think I'm okay with you just making everything better? What about what I want now?"

Severus frowns so deeply little lines crease in his face. James immediately regrets saying that and

leans forward. He opens his mouth but Severus shakes his head.

“You’re right. I know you’re right. But I still want to try. Can I have that, at least? Can I try?” Severus asks, leaning forward as well and meeting James’s eyes straight on.

James bites his lips, looking all over Severus’s face for some sign, *any* sign, that he’s lying or going to hurt James like this again on purpose. He can’t find anything. James knows that doesn’t mean really anything but he can’t help but nod his head. Severus sighs in relief and a timid smile tugs at the corner of his lips. James huffs a laugh.

“Our own little internet drama,” he mumbles, shaking his head.

Severus laughs, his teeth digging into his lower lip when he stops and just smiles at James.

“Imagine the Twitter discourse,” Severus comments.

“No, thank you,” James laughs. “Reading the comments they already leave has my brain scarred for life. I can’t even imagine if they were given any sort of actual substance to their imagined chaos.”

Severus grins at him and it turns into something much softer than James is used to seeing on him.

“Thanks,” he whispers. “I wasn’t expecting you to give me a chance but I’m glad you will.”

James’s breath catches in his chest and he exhales slowly when he feels like he can. He’s living out some sort of fantasy. He pinches himself and whines when it hurts.

“What the fuck did you do that for?”

“Just making sure I’m still alive,” James mumbles and glares at Severus when he chuckles.

“Can’t confirm that with a pinch.”

James rolls his eyes but he looks at Severus when he’s done.

“Yeah, well, I’m still a little irritated with you and all. But, yeah, I’m glad we’re here and doing this. Whatever it is-- which-- what exactly is it that you’re wanting from this?”

Severus’s eyebrows draw down and he doesn’t answer immediately. James waits. They spend the remainder of the date in near silence as Severus seems to puzzle out the answer he wants to give. James isn’t very patient but he also isn’t really trying to push Severus into something he doesn’t actually want. So he’ll be quiet and wait some more.

James thinks he might have to wait for another day, another date, literally any other occasion, by the time he pulls up to Severus’s house. But Severus doesn’t get out of the car or say anything when they get there-- just stays and tugs at his fingers and fiddles with the radio.

“I think I might want you to be my boyfriend,” Severus admits so quietly James almost misses it.

“Oh,” James breathes. “*Is* that what you want?”

“Yeah,” Severus admits but it’s shaky. “Yeah, I think so.”

“Then, well, yeah-- fuck, this is absolutely not the way I would ever want to ask anyone out but fuck it. You, uh, you wanna be my boyfriend, then?” James asks. He can feel the goofy grin across his face but he can’t even bring himself to care about how stupid he probably looks.

Severus laughs at him, shoving a finger into the corner of James's mouth. He nods and then says yes all before planting a very, very, *very* sloppy kiss onto James's lips.

Sirius and Lily have some opinions

Chapter Summary

Sirius loses his shit in the calmest way possible (for him). Alternatively, Lily woke up and chose violence.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long to post! It's shorter than the others but I had a lot of fun writing this one. I'd lost inspiration for a bit, might've been noticeable in some of the previous chapters. I'm hoping to go back and edit them soon. As usual, none of this has been betaed or checked for grammar mistakes and for that I'm SO SORRY.

Sirius loses his shit in the calmest way possible.

"I hate you. I hate Snape. I hate you more. What the actual fuck, Jamie? Who the fuck greenlighted this travesty of a relationship? You were *just* crying your eyes out, like, a month ago." Sirius has his fingers planted so firmly in his hair, his eye lids are pulled up, and he's pacing around James's room like he's just been told he's got to make a decision of his own.

"Er-- well, me, I guess. Since, uh, yanno, I kind of asked him out," James stammers over his own very poor explanation of things. He'd be a terrible president or celebrity. The state of affairs would be a shit show every time, interviews an unholy trash fire of incomprehensible gibberish.

"I think it's cute," Remus inputs. "We've had our fair share of break up make up episodes, Sirius."

"That's different!" Sirius snaps. "Neither of us are *Snape*. Who knows what creepy shit he gets up to by himself. Maybe he's got a voodoo doll of James and is manipulating him as we *speak*."

James can't help the laugh that bubbles up. He tries so hard to swallow it, pressing his lips together but his chest shakes with the effort. Remus snickers and it just sends James into a full on laughing fit. He falls backward onto his bed and holds his ribs. Sirius takes the opportunity to jump on top of him and shake him by the shoulders.

"James! James, buddy! Snap out of it! You're going to *die* ," Sirius wails.

"Fu--fuck o-off," James gasps out through his laughter.

Sirius starts to fake cry, huge sobs rolling from his chest as he throws his head onto James's sternum.

"You're such a big baby," Remus snorts.

"We're losing our best friend to the clutches of Snape!" Sirius sobs, lifting his head to show his face contorted into a caricature of sadness.

"I'm not going anywhere, you idiot," James giggles. "It's not like you and Remus have disappeared from my life entirely just because the two of you started dating."

"But--" Sirius starts to protest but Remus cuts him off.

"He didn't disappear when he was fucking Regulus."

James shushes him, sitting up too quickly and colliding foreheads with Sirius. They both groan in pain and start hitting each other, it quickly devolves into some sort of wrestling match before James just slides off the bed from underneath him, landing on his butt with a thud.

"Cheater!" Sirius seethes. "Anyways, yeah, I guess you're right. At least I won't have to pretend I don't know this time."

"You *knew* ?" James yelps.

"You're the least subtle human being that has ever existed," Sirius snorts. "I've had stuffed animals better at hiding their emotions than you."

James's cheeks are way too hot. He doesn't appreciate being compared to plushies. Or the knowledge that his slight obsession with Regulus had been *obvious* . He crosses his arms and then

Sirius swings his legs off the bed, his calves landing against James's shoulders.

"You both are terrible and I hate you," James grumps.

"Hey! That's *my* line," Sirius says, kicking his leg against James. Sirius sighs and James hears him flop backwards. "If you really think this is a good idea then I'll keep my mouth shut. Mostly. When I'm trying."

"So, never?" James uncrosses his arms to pick at the rip in his jeans at his knee. "Thanks, though. That means a lot. I don't know if things will work out but I...I want them to."

"We know. We'll still be here and you can always talk to us if you need to. Just maybe save the fights for me and not for Sirius," Remus tells him.

Sirius makes an incomprehensible noise of protest in the back of his throat, sounding like a feral cat. James smacks his leg and shimmies out from the cage they've made around him.

"So, are we going to play Animal Crossing or what? The island is a mess right now and the two of you have mail. The little flashing mailbox sign is so irritating to look at."

Sirius jumps out of the bed and races out of the room, booking it to the game room. Remus shakes his head and the two of them follow him.

--

James isn't expecting the punch to his gut but perhaps he should've been. Lily didn't even look that mad when she'd been walking up to him. He doubles over, clutching his stomach and gasping for air. Right in the fucking diaphragm. Lily's fucking brutal.

"I know the whole fight was his fault but if you hurt him, I'll beat the shit out of you."

"So you're going to beat the shit out of me right now in warning?" James chokes out. "Jesus fucking Christ."

"Yeah. Anyways, good luck!" She chirps and then bounces off, her red hair flying behind her as she goes.

James grimaces, trying to straighten out. He finishes grabbing his books from his locker and slams it shut, only to see Severus there. He yelps, jumping backwards. Severus smiles, clearly holding back the laugh he wants to give at James's reaction.

"You're such an asshole," James breathes. "You and Lily both."

"What'd she do this time?"

"Punched me! Told me if I hurt you, she'd beat the fuck out of me."

Severus doesn't hesitate in laughing.

"I'm sure you're scarred for life," he teases.

"I think you need to kiss it better," James grumps, pointing where she'd punched him. Severus licks his lips and smirks. James realizes how that must've sounded and flushes. "Hush. That's not--"

"Oh, but isn't it?" Severus counters. "You sure you don't want a kiss?"

"I mean, if you're offering," James hedges.

Severus pulls his hair up into some elaborate messy bun thing. James admires the process, incapable of understanding how easily he can do that with so much fucking hair. It pokes at something in James's memory bank. Something he's meant to remember, that he really shouldn't be forgetting. They start walking down the hallway and they're almost at Severus's classroom before James manages to ride the rollercoaster of thoughts in his brain to the end.

"OH, I got another commission for a video with you in it. You down with that? I haven't accepted it yet. So there's, yanno, time for you to think it--"

"Sure. It sounds fun," Severus answers, cutting him off. "This afternoon?"

"Soccer this afternoon. Tomorrow, though?"

Severus nods and then he pulls James down for a kiss. It's soft, gentle. James wraps an arm around Severus's back, shoving his hand in the back pocket of Severus's jeans.

"Potter! Snape! Detention tomorrow!" Coach calls down the hall.

James groans. Severus laughs.

"After detention then?" Severus asks with a wink and turns to head into the classroom.

"Yeah, after detention," James mutters to himself, watching his boyfriend go.

His boyfriend . James rubs his chest where his heart flutters ceaselessly quickly, heading off to his own class.

The Epilogue-ish End

Chapter Summary

It's been several years and James opts to do a question and answer panel for a convention. Severus has a question for him.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter! Another short one and I had so much fun writing this even though it's EXTREMELY lame and corny. I just love them and their dorky love. (I intend to go through every chapter soon and sharpen them all up, fixing errors and grammar, editing the whole thing. Hopefully soon, at least. I have had so much fun with this fic and thank you SO much to everyone that's stuck it out with me ily).

James has been doing YouTube conventions since he'd hit three million subscribers on his ASMR channel just before his nineteenth birthday, a little over three years ago. They're typically fun, if a little awkward. Meeting people who have been watching him and listening to him when he has no fucking clue who they are is An Experience™. Especially the ones that feel like they know him personally based on that alone. It doesn't necessarily bother him. It's just hard to talk to them about anything when he's not even sure what to say.

The Q&A's are something he tends to avoid since he can't plan his answers beforehand. He's not sure what compelled him to go forward with it. Perhaps because this time it's a big mashup convention with a slew of different people from all across the pockets of the internet. Artists, fanfic writers, YouTubers, streamers, Instagrammers, everyone.

It's a three day con and it's been loads of fun the first two days. So, he's almost not even worried about the Q&A that's today. Especially since there's going to be a YouTuber on the table with far more subscribers than he has. Lucius Malfoy is a prick but he is good at his conspiracy analysis videos. And he's absurdly pretty.

James sits up there, tapping his fingers and the girl next to him is one he's met loads of times now. Even before he got into the YouTube scene. Because of course, one of Sirius's cousins would do book reviews on YouTube. Andromeda is extremely nice at least. They whisper to each other a lot while everything is going on. There's a moderator to pick and choose people that are asking questions.

The questions all start being aimed at Lucius. They spend almost an hour with the moderator having to request they ask questions for some of the other YouTubers on the panel. The Q&A is a two hour event this time. Likely planned around the neverending amount of questions that assault Lucius during every con since other Q&A sessions aren't quite so long.

All of a sudden, the questions for him seem to run out and the questions hop all over the table between them. He gets very basic ones like does he still enjoy making videos, does he have any plans to branch out into other types of content, is he in school, will he ever do a video doing this or that. He's glad they're all so simple. Anything more complicated than that and he might actually lose it.

"How long have you been with your boyfriend now?"

James chews his bottom lip. They started this whole thing when they were still seventeen, even if a few months of it they weren't necessarily officially together.

"Fiiiiive years?" he answers slowly. "Yeah. Five years. Wow, I'm bad at math."

The group of people laugh and James can see Severus grinning where he sits.

"Do you guys live together or separately?" The boy continues. "And do you think that your relationship being public on the internet has made it more difficult?"

"We've lived together for nearly four years now. As far as the internet goes, in the beginning it was a little difficult. Everyone had something to say and people were nitpicking everything about us and our personalities, what we looked like together, what our sex life was probably like. It was extremely uncomfortable. After about a year, it calmed down. I'd mostly stopped reading it by then anyway but it was nice to get on and see that my videos were being commented on for their content and not to speculate as to when we would break up."

More questions float around to other YouTubers before coming back to him. A tall woman with bright pink hair stands and her voice is melodic when she speaks.

"How do you deal with people leaving hate comments or oversexualizing you? I'm interested in starting my own YouTube channel but am wary of things like that. Especially being part of the LGBTQ+ community, it feels like I can't see anything about us without it being considered sexual."

"Er-- well, I'll be honest, it's tough to read things like that but I usually don't anymore. As far as the oversexualization of us or the bigotry towards us in the community, I tend to block or delete any commentary that could be considered harmful. I went to school in a place where that kind of thinking was common, it's not new to me so it doesn't necessarily hurt me anymore. But lots of people who watch my videos are reading those comments and don't deserve to see shit like that. If you want to have your own channel, you'll need to steel yourself for those kinds of people. It may not happen at first or for a long time, but they come at some point and they've always got so much to say."

The questions bounce around even more. And finally, finally, the two hour session is coming to a close. The moderator calls for the last few questions and then the last question is for James. He turns to see who's standing with the mic and laughs when he sees it's Severus. Severus is grinning, his sharp canines digging into his lip.

"Yes, Sev? What could you possibly have to ask that you can't ask at home?" James laughs into his mic.

"Will you marry me?" Severus asks, barely containing his own laughter.

James is stunned, he'd not been expecting that to be the question, but the biggest, goofiest fucking grin crosses his face. They'd been talking about getting married for a year now and James thought for sure he was going to have to ask. But Severus never fails to surprise him. And of course, his YouTube channel is where it all started, he's not surprised Severus chose this to be the event he'd ask.

"Of course I will," he answers as fast as he can.

There's cheers and laughter and Andromeda is hugging him. James jumps down from the stage and grabs Severus by the cheeks, pressing kisses all over his face even as Severus laughs.

"Silly question," James breathes. "I'll marry you a hundred times over."

"Mmm, yes. But now we're obligated to actually plan an event," he murmurs, pulling James down for a gentle kiss.

"Thought for sure I was going to have to ask you."

"I know," Severus laughs. "That's why I asked."

"I love you," James whispers.

"I love you, too," Severus whispers back.

End Notes

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